

TO MY DARLING

AND OTHER

POEMS

BY

FREDERICK L. LOHMANN





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TO MY DARLING —AND— OTHER POEMS

BY
FERDINAND H. LOHMANN



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To
My old maternal friend,
Mrs. Caroline Sack Heggi,
Home for the Aged,
Des Moines, Iowa,
This Book
Is affectionately dedicated.



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TO MY DARLING.

THOU ART THE WORLD TO ME.

The hawthorns are in blossom,
The flowers deck the lea;
I do not care for flowers—
I only think of thee.
Thou'rt lovelier than flowers
That deck the sunny lea;
My darling, O my darling,
Thou art the world to me.

The birdies fill the greenwoods
With merry songs of glee;
I do not care for birdies,
I only think of thee.
Thy voice by far is sweeter
Than birdies' song of glee;
My darling, O my darling,
Thou art the world to me.

To My Darling

The sunshine lies on meadows,
The golden gleam I see;
I do not care for sunshine,
I only think of thee.
Thy glances dim the sunshine
That brightens flow'ry lea;
My darling, O my darling,
Thou art the world to me.

The young folks spring are praising,
And woo 'neath shady tree;
I do not care for springtime,
I only think of thee.
There is no spring without thee,
Without thy smiles of glee;
My darling, O my darling,
Thou art the world to me.

To My Darling

IN HER ALBUM.

The roses blush when they behold thy beauty,
The sun shines brighter when he sees thee
smile;

And love and joy thy footsteps follow,
And happy dreams the heart beguile;

O come! Let all enjoy such happy dream-
ing,

Start in each heart sweet love's effulgent
flame,

And through thy captivating beauty
The glory of our Lord proclaim.

To My Darling

DARLING, GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, my sweet darling, good-bye.
We love each other so fondly and well,
If ever we'll meet again, who can tell?
Oh, cruel the fate which now drives us apart,
And bitter the woe that is smiting the heart.
Thy rapturous smiles and thy glances so
 bright
Illumined life's pathway with heavenly light.
Farewell, O my darling, thou sun of my life,
Away I must wander and face the world's
 strife!

Good-bye, my sweet darling, good-bye.

Good-bye, my sweet darling, good-bye.
I never knew joy which thou didst not share,
Thy presence made beauteous things more
 fair.
The dazzling bright sun, he waxed dim in
 the skies,
Whenever I saw not thy luminous eyes.
The earth lost its beauty, the world had no
 joys,
When hushed thy bewitching, melodious
 voice.

To My Darling

Farewell, O my darling, thou joy of my
heart,

Fate tears us asunder, farewell, we must
part.

Good-bye, my sweet darling, good-bye.

To My Darling

HAPPY DAYS.

My darling, when I think of thee
And of the golden time,
When both our hearts were full of glee,
And life was in its prime;
Then spring again the founts of joy
From all their hidden rills,
And happiness without alloy
The heart with rapture fills.

O happy days! O joyous times!
When we were young and gay,
The birdies taught us tuneful rhymes,
Joy dripped from ev'ry spray.
The flowers beamed with happiness
Whene'er thy face they spied.
Ah, ne'er before such loveliness
They in the world descried.

And when we went through dewy glade,
Thy face with smiles so bland;
I saw it mirrored in each blade,
That decked the verdant land.
The babbling brook its waters stayed
To watch thy beauty rare.

To My Darling

It nowhere had in flow'ry glade
E'er seen a maid so fair.

Within the sturdy oak tree's shade
We rested from our walk,
I with thy silken tresses played,
The mouths refused to talk.
With throbbing heart and burning face
My lips on thine I pressed,
Well sheltered by my arm's embrace,
Thou rested on my breast.

The streams of joy that circle earth,
To us their fullness brought,
With notes of Heaven's purest mirth,
The coaxing breeze was fraught.
O happy days! O joyous times!
When hearts were full of glee;
We daily sang the little rhymes
I coined in praise of thee.

To My Darling

THOU ART NEAR.

Ah, once only I held thy yielding hands in
mine,
And my trembling arm thy graceful form
encircled!
But ne'er shall I forget the magic of thy
touch.
The sombre cloud that hitherto had veiled
The vaulted orb of Heaven rent in twain.
A celestial, admiring glare broke dazzling
through
The blue abyss, and with a supernal beauty
It clothed the animated mundane objects,
As if God, Himself, had left His throne on
high,
And wrapped all things in garments of His
glory.
Ah! How sanctified the earth appeared,
When thou wast near, and things enchanted
stood
In mute admiration of thy unearthly beauty.
The stately trees stooped low and vied
To spy the glory which thy form sent forth.
The blushing, queenly roses hid themselves
for shame

To My Darling

At their insignificance of which they now
became aware.

The little flowers opened wide their adoring
eyes

That thy resplendent presence might enhance
their beauty.

The purling spring, the mirror of thy bright-
ness,

Reluctantly bade farewell to his furrowed
home,

And made moist his banks with tears of
bitter sorrow,

That he, departing, would no more behold
thy radiant form.

And when thou openest wide thy luminous
eyes,

Those heavenly, seraphic spheres of thine,

The sun itself grew pale with envy;

For all things shone with so divine a lustre

Ne'er known before; none e'er beheld so
sublime a glance.

The smiles that parted thy rubin-colored
Elysian lips

Fell back reflected from every illumined
nook

Which caught the radiance of thy rapturous
smile.

Thy voice long held imprisoned in thy rose-
ate bosom's depth,

To My Darling

At last awoke, and gave birth to thousand
melodies
Before unheard on earth, known only to the
winged seraphs
That enliven spheres unknown to earth-born
beings.
The wind that had gone to rest into his distant
lair,
Awoke and stirred the towering trees, the
gleesome birds, the gorgeous flowers,
And filled the air with endless echoes of thy
song.
One by one when the magic spell was broken
Into which thy bewitching voice had thrown
them,
They filled the earth with praises of thy
supernal lay.
Even the poor, dumb rocks took up the majestic
sound,
And vibrated audibly their adoration in the
astonished air.
Where'er I go, where'er I rest, all things
portray thy godlike form to me.
Where'er I close my eyes, the air is filled
with echoes of thy voice.
How, then, can I forget? If thou be far
In company with angels that add new graces
to thy beauty,

To My Darling

The harbingers of love, the voluptuous
winds,
Breathe words of love into my enraptured
ear:
I see thy form, I hear thy voice; thou art
near.

To My Darling

I THINK OF HER ALL DAY.

She is the object of my song,
I think of her all day;
Of her I dream the whole night long,
Although she's far away.

The roses bloom, the birds rejoice,
I think of her all day;
Where'er I go, I hear her voice,
Although she's far away.

The hours will come, the hours will flee,
I think of her all day;
In darkest night her face I see,
Although she's far away.

If she be near, if she be far,
I think of her all day;
For aye she'll be my guiding-star,
Although she's far away.

To My Darling

TRANSLATIONS.

SONG.

(VOLKSLIED.)

The sun shines so wondrous bright,
'Tis sweet to roam;
Yet far brighter the sunshine
At my sweet love's home.

The golden stars scintillate
From the blue dome;
Yet far brighter they glisten
At my sweet love's home.

So I shall not wander more,
Shall cease to roam;
For most beautiful it is
At my sweet love's home.

To My Darling

ZULEIKHA.

(BODENSTEDT.)

Not with angels in azure heaven's reign,
Not with roses on fragrant flow'ry plain,
E'en not with the sun's dazzling golden
glare,
Zuleikha, my love, I shall compare.

For the bosoms of angels true love scorn,
Under blossoms of roses lurks the thorn,
And the sun hides at night its dazzling glare,
Zuleikha, with these, I'll not compare.

Within earth and blue heaven's wide do-
main,
The eyes search for things to match her in
vain;
Without thorns, full of love, and lasting
glare,
With herself alone, I can her compare.

To My Darling

THROW ASIDE THE VEIL.

(BODENSTEDT.)

Throw aside the veil! Why hid'st thou thy
face?

Doth the flower of the garden hide its grace?
And has God not made thee, like the flower
fair,

To embellish the earth with thy beauty rare?
Created He this beauty, this brilliancy,
To see it perish in gloomy obscurity?

Throw aside the veil! Let the world be
aware,

That upon earth, like thou, no maiden so
fair!

Let thy eyes with heart-stirring lustre beam,
Let the blandest smiles from thy rosy lips
gleam,

Let, fair one, no other shroud hide thee from
sight

As the veil in which shrouds thee the dark-
ness of night.

To My Darling

Throw aside the veil! Such a face ne'er saw
At Stambul the harem of the padishah—
Ne'er were two eyes so bright and fair
Embordered by the lashes' long silken hair—
Then throw aside the veil, and let thy eye's
glance
Bring thee new triumphs, the beholder en-
trance.

To My Darling

SONG.

(HAHN-HAHN.)

Ah! if thou wert my dear one,
I'd love no one but thee;
Deep in my heart I'd cherish
Thee only, only thee.
And all my happiness and glee
I only in thy eyes would see.

Ah! if thou wert my dear one,
How bright the world would be;
No other thought I'd cherish,
Then still to gaze at thee;
And absorbed in my heart's glee
The world I would forget to see.

Ah! if thou wert my dear one,
Till I had closed my e'e,
Above I would be saying
On through eternity:
"In Heaven's range there is no glee,
If I, my love, thy eyes not see!"

To My Darling

IF I WERE THE SUN.

?

If I were the bright sun,
Thou wouldst walk in an ocean of light,
While round thee, beloved one,
All should grope in the darkness of night.

To My Darling

SONG.

(HEINE.)

Thou art like a flower,
So sweet and pure and fair;
I view thee, and deep sadness
Now fills my heart with care.

I feel as if God's blessing
For thee I should entreat,
And pray, that He might keep thee,
So fair and pure and sweet.

THE GREETING OF FLOWERS.

(GOETHE.)

The wreath that I have sent thee,
Greets thee a thousand times!
How often I have bent me,
Ah, many thousand times!
With it in thoughts I've blent thee,
A hundred thousand times.

THE LITTLE COT.

(GLEIM.)

I only have a little cot;
It stands upon a meadow-lot,
Beside a brook that's fair to see,
Come, go into the hut with me!

Near the low hut stands a tall tree,
For which thou scarce the hut canst see;
And it protects from storm and rain
All those that in the hut remain.

Upon a bough the nightingale
Sings of his love the sweetest tale;
And all who pass along that way,
Remain to listen to his lay.

Now, maiden with the flaxen hair,
With whom I long my joy to share,
O come, for rough winds shake the tree;
Come, go into the hut with me.

To My Darling

HAPPINESS.

(HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.)

In ev'ry house where love resides,
There brightest sunshine, too, abides,
And though it be a lowly cot,
Yet spring will not forget this spot.

Fair spring, the lowly cot will greet
With living green and flowers sweet,
She places joy in chests and tills,
With joy she our glasses fills.

And when at the last ev'ning-ray
Death to our door shall find his way,
We gladly then extend our hand,
He leads us to a better land.

FAREWELL, MY LOVE.

(BAUMBACH.)

Farewell, my love! the morn is near;
Farewell, for we must sever—
A bitter thing is parting, dear,
Bedewed it is with sorrow's tear.
Farewell, sweet love, forever.

On me bestow a smile of glee,
Before we part forever.
Ah! much thy love has done for me,
And gladly would I stay with thee—
Farewell, sweet love, forever.

Near yonder brook the willows grow,
Their branches weeping ever—
A leaflet whirls to earth below,
Who knows, ah, whither it will blow.
Farewell, sweet love, forever.

To My Darling

SONG.

(VOLKSLIED.)

Dear one, I go! Parting gives woe!
Now then, while I must part,
Kiss me, before I start.
Dear one, I go! Parting gives woe!

Dear one, I go! Parting gives woe!
Thy love for me retain,
True to thee I remain,
Dear one, I go! Parting gives woe!

Dear one, I go! Parting gives woe!
Weep not thy eyes full red,
We e'en not part, when dead.
Dear one, I go! Parting gives woe!

To My Darling

WHEN TWO HEARTS PART FOR- EVER.

(GEIBEL.)

When two hearts part forever,
That love each other well,
Such grief as this does never
In other bosoms dwell.
Ah! How the word sounds sad and drear;
Farewell, farewell, forever, dear.
When two hearts part forever,
That love each other well.

When I was well assured
Love would no longer stay,
The golden sun grew lurid,
To night was changed the day,
With accents clear it struck my ear:
Farewell, farewell, forever, dear.
When I was well assured
Love would no longer stay.

My spring of life is flowing
Adown time's mystic stream;

To My Darling

For lips that once were glowing,
With smiles no longer gleam,
This single word they spoke so clear:
Farewell, farewell, forever, dear.
My spring of life is flowing
A down time's mystic stream.

To My Darling

TO A MESSENGER.

(VOLKSLIED.)

If you to my sweet love come,
Say: I send my greeting;
If she ask you: how I fare?
Say: That I am fleeting;
If she ask you: if I'm sick?
Say: I died of sorrow;
If she then begin to cry,
Say: I'd come to-morrow.

h

To My Darling

LOVE-SONG.

(GEIBEL.)

From many things derive we pleasure,
So many things us solace bring,
The heaven with its robe of azure,
The flowers of the verdant spring.
But do I know a greater treasure,
Than worldly joy in boundless measure,
Or flowers and the azure sky;
To nourish in this world's commotion
A sweet and genuine devotion,
Revealed alone to Heaven's eye.

To whom such blessing was conceded,
Let him be glad and full of cheer,
Tranquility his bosom greeted,
Amid fierce turmoil's wild career.
When by affliction he is haunted,
'Mid sorrow's pangs he stands undaunted,
Love is his firm retreat and shield,
She guides him through life's complications,
Through heart-corroding tribulations,
Sees flowers bright on snowy fields.

To My Darling

In vain we seek on paths delusive
True love among this world's distress,
Like dew from heaven's wave effusive
Springs love, enhanced by God's caress,
Like odor by the wind is wafted,
The moon in silver cloud is rafted
At night across the starry sky;
Receive not love with looks redoubted,
But greet with humbleness devoted
The messenger of God on high.

With love there comes an apprehension,
A dreaming, longing unaware,
With joy you must bear wild contention,
Till love has fallen to your share.
With noble purpose efficacious,
Subdue your selfishness pervacious,
Self-love dethrone without demur;
Then is your life well consecrated,
The God-born essence animated
Will be your cheerful congener.

Of all supernal gifts designed
To bless the earth-born son of man,
Love was by God's device assigned
To hold our self-love under ban;
O, glad receiving, sweet combining,
Mutual love now intertwining,
To lose is here the greatest gain!

To My Darling

By giving kinder thoughts are leared,
By taking purer joys are reared,
Love rends her heart without complaint.

In your face her sweet smiles are beaming,
In her kind eyes your tears do flow;
And all your striving, longing, dreaming,
If yours, if hers, who darest to know.
As if two bushes were converging,
From which young roses are emerging
Of glossy colors, red and white;
We can not trace the stems maternal
For which the roses spring fraternal,
We only see the flowers bright.

Forth from the fount of life is rushing
A lucid spring of sweetest joy,
The heaven-aspiring fount is gushing
Eternal youth without alloy.
The flowers of love will rise victorious,
Powers of youth will lead us glorious
As victors through our earthly strife.
In vain will death exhaust its quiver,
On love's firm shield his missiles shiver;
Love gains for us immortal life.

To My Darling

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

IMMORTALITY.

No noble thought, no noble deed, will 'die.
Forever will they live, forever inspire
Mankind to greater deeds, to higher spheres
of life.

On Calvary Hill a Martyr breathed his last
breath

Amid a brutal rabble's howl and scoff.

He did not die. His spirit lives. His words
and deeds since then

Have cheered and exalted countless people
To realms of love and thought not known
before.

His words still echo through the avenues of
ages,

And hearts of millions now thrill with a
heroic spirit,

To face untold torments, and even death,
In spreading wide His words of kindness and
of love.

No noble thought, no noble deed will die.

To My Darling

No woman's voice was heard to rile the
Martyr's heart;
No hand she lifted to augment His torture.
She stood there, with weeping eyes, applying
balm of love
To bosom torn and bleeding with affliction's
woe.
Is her deed lost? Ah, no! Numberless
Marias,
Animated and made strong by her divine
compassion,
Meted out with ample hands their boundless
innate wealth,
And strewed seeds of burning thoughts and
supernal love,
To be garnered by harvesters unborn now,
Mankind will continue its triumphal march
As long as from woman's heart leaps forth
The inspiring flame of a grand and noble
sacrifice,
And lights in men's bosoms an imperishable
longing
To feed their souls with thoughts of Heav-
enly mould.
No noble thought, no noble deed will die.

The little birds that enliven solitudes
And untiringly pour forth their gleesome
melodies,

To My Darling

Not knowing if their tuneful lays will vibrate
In a conscious breast alive with a celestial
fire;

The small flowers that adorn the dells and
glens

And breathe sweet incense in the balmy air,
Unheedful they are if their enticing beauty
Ever brings gladness to a mortal soul;

The thousand melodies of the forest's
winged denizens,

The graceful beauty that springs forth from
earth's prolific lap;

Are these for naught? Ask the Ettrick
Shepherd and the Ayrshire Plowman,

Their souls those heavenly messages caught
And coined the notes and beauty into songs
That will awake immortal strains in hearts
of future bards.

No noble thought, no noble deed will die.

Icarus boldly spread his artful pinions
And soared upward into the shining blue
abyss.

What mattered it that short his lofty flight
And failure and death the reward he met?

To-day Icaruses rise in every land;
A Zeppelin triumphantly now skims the
aerial heights.

To My Darling

Take courage, then! Aim high! Dare, do,
and, if need be, die!
Thy daring, noble deed and short-spanned
life,
In a kindred breast may fan a holy spark,
Till it will burst into flames of dazzling
brightness
And illuminate an astounding and applaud-
ing world.
'Tis better far to be a short-lived meteor,
Whose glaring gleam attracts the eyes of
multitudes,
And leads them to behold the wonders of the
starry skies,
Than to live for centuries, tortoise-like, in
dark ocean's slime.
No noble thought, no noble deed will die.

They do not die who are ordained by fate
To dwell in lowly hut, in narrow vale,
And who daily season their small crumbs
with bitter tears.
Their brave endurance, and divine fealty to
duty,
A benign sunshine cast in other hearts,
And uplift some sufferers' souls to purer at-
mospheres.
No tear is shed in vain; a sacred mission is
its lot.

To My Darling

It floods away all stains that mar the beauty
 of the soul,
And purifies the spirit for the holy work,
To brighten other lives and lead the way to
 realms
Of everlasting sunshine and eternal bliss.
Although thy life is spent in lonely vale,
 grieve not,
If there is one soul whom thou canst guide
 to starry heights,
And beautify his humble life with joyful
 visions.
No noble thought, no noble deed, will die.

To My Darling

WOMAN'S VOICE.

(After reading Watson's "The Woman
With The Serpent's Tongue".)

A woman's voice! How soft and mild,
When, o'er the couch of weeping child,
A mother bends with loving eyes
And wakes the echoes of the skies
With slumber songs so sweet and clear,
That on this circling mundane sphere
No music can approach the voice
Which causes Angels to rejoice.
Soon lulled by the enchanting tone,
To land of dreams the child has flown.

Is there a voice whose music clear
Can deeper ravish human ear,
And bind the hearer with its charms,
As when, with blushing cheeks, her arms
A maid around her lover flings
And coyly breathes her whisperings
Of confidence and heartfelt love?
No messenger from realms above
Has such a sweet and tender voice
And brings to hearts more purer joys.

To My Darling

Within a room of little space,
With pallid cheeks and haggard face,
Upon a couch of comfort bare
A suff'rer lies with vacant stare.
Who rouses him from stupor's dream,
Restores to eyes their vivid gleam?
A woman, with a voice as mild
As the first lisps of little child.
To him who on the couch there lies,
It sounds like tunes from Paradise.

Of all the men who people led,
With mental wealth our souls have fed,
To their inquiring, searching eyes,
A mother pointed to the skies.
"Advance," she cried, "when cowards
shrink,
You'll reach the shining far-off brink—
Give birth to thoughts of love and grace,
Eternity can not efface.
Immortal deeds wrought by your hand
Shall shower blessings on each land!"

Thus, women's voices powers wield
To which we all in homage yield,
They speed the thoughts that bless our
life,
And soften brutal earthly strife.
Woe to the land, where God's best gift

To My Darling

Does not to higher level lift
The men who, sunk in lust and gain,
Refuse to join in the refrain:
"To starry heights the guide is she!
Woman, lead on, we'll follow thee!"

To My Darling

MAY SONG

Come away, come away!
Come and greet our glorious May,
Where the little birds are singing
And the copse with flowers is gay,
Where the lily bells are swinging
And with notes of joy are ringing;
Beauty heralds glorious May.

Come away, come away!
Come and greet our glorious May.
Hark! Young spring the woods is filling
With his tuneful heavenly lay.
And fresh joy in hearts instilling
That with bitter woes are thrilling;
Come and hail our glorious May!

To my Darling

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Our country's flag, a glorious sight
 Whene'er it passes by;
Its folds, bright in the sunny light,
 Cheer the admiring eye.

And ev'ry cap flies in the air
 That rings with loud huzza!
Where is a sight that is as fair?
 Our glorious flag—hurrah!

Thou art the emblem of the free,
 Of valor and of right;
Whene'er thy folds in war we see,
 It is in righteous fight.

Beneath thy folds our fathers stood
 And faced oppression's wrongs;
For freedom's cause they shed their blood,
 While singing joyous songs.

Thou glorious flag! O, mayst thou wave
 Forever o'er the land,
Forever foul oppression brave
 For right and freedom stand!

To My Darling

THE FLAG I LOVE.

Thou flag of my great native land,
My heart I give to thee;
On earth there waves no other flag
That is so dear to me.

Thy stars led on the heroes brave
To everlasting fame;
Forever is their glory bright
Entwineth with thy name.

My love to thee shall speed me on
To deeds of high renown,
If it need be, like Warren bold,
To wear a martyr's crown.

Then wave, dear flag, and cheer the
 hearts
As in the days of yore;
And with immortal thoughts fill thou
The hearts for evermore.

To My Darling

TEXAS.

My home! Is there another land
That such rich beauties shows
As thou, when Spring with lavish hand
His garment o'er thee throws?
Thy prairies wide sweet incense yield
Of flowers wondrous fair,
The virgin bloom in Eden's field
Had not such beauty rare.
Thy crystal streams and sunny vales,
They make the sad heart light;
Sweet songs resound in all thy dales
Of birds with plumage bright.

O, Texas! There's no land like thou,
Wherever I may roam,
My life's best thoughts to thee I vow,
To thee, my native home.

When Eve, wrought by the hands of God,
First greeted Adam's eye,
Where'er her light step pressed the sod
Sprang flowers of gorgeous dye.
Thy daughters, Texas, are as fair
As Eve in Paradise;

To My Darling

Where'er they go, joy from its lair
In ecstasy will rise.
They spread the glories of the skies,
And happiness and love;
The hearts will leap, and bright grow eyes
With light from realms above.

O, Texas! There's no land like thou,
Wherever I may roam,
My life's best thoughts to thee I vow,
To thee, my native home.

Thy sons are worthy of their sires,
Who died on freedom's field,
They, too, aglow with kindred fires,
The trusty steel will wield,
Whene'er a haughty foe should dare
To threaten our free land,
To dangers they their bosoms bare
And with a valiant hand
They'll stem the tide of foeman's flood
And raise the victor's cry;
Or, like their sires, will spill their blood
With smiling face and die.

O, Texas! There's no land like thou,
Wherever I may roam,
My life's best thoughts to thee I vow,
To thee, my native home.

To My Darling

In Columbia's diadem
That crowns her noble brow,
The brightest and the purest gem,
O, Texas, that art thou.
There is no land where'er we go
Beneath the azure dome,
Which can us greater glories show
Than thou, my own sweet home.
Thy blooming vales with blessings beam,
With storied wonders throng;
They are the poets' fav'rite theme,
The subject of their song.

O, Texas! There's no land like thou,
Wherever I may roam,
My life's best thoughts to thee I vow,
To thee, my native home.

To My Darling

TRAVIS'S LAST ADDRESS.

The hour has come, the welcome hour,
When we must give up life,
And show the world how Texans die
In Freedom's hallowed strife.
No tyrant shall pollute these walls,
As long as we can wield
A rifle and a sabre keen,
Within this gory field.
Like Hale, one sad thought heaves my breast
And grieves the heart of mine,
That I have but one life to place
On Freedom's holy shrine.

Oh, never shall the smiling sun
E'er usher in the day,
When Texans will, for fear of death,
Shrink back from righteous fray.
At Freedom's call, they leave their work,—
They come from shop and field,
Like adamant in fight they stand
And ne'er to dangers yield.
No tyrant can defile this soil
And devastate the land,

To My Darling

As long our waving flag is borne
By one heroic hand.

But, lo! The rosy tints of morn
Announce the blazing sun,
Whose setting we shall never see;
Our work will then be done.
Hark! The deguello's threatful notes
Now strike my list'ning ear;
Their message brings to valiant hearts
No thrilling sense of fear.
A last good-bye! A last farewell!
We'll to the ramparts hie,
Defending Freedom's holy cause,
No Texan fears to die!

To My Darling

TRANSLATIONS.

LONGING FOR HOME.

(DIEFFENBACH.)

Though distant countries we may traverse,
Reside upon remotest strand,—
In deepest soul we'll hear resounding
The magic song of *Fatherland!*

And e'en when years away have circled,
And broken is the strongest band,—
We feel our hearts are firmly blended
With longing for our *Fatherland!*

And if our burden e'er be lightened
By heavenly joy, where'er we stand,—
We'll feel amid this joy of Eden,
A longing for our *Fatherland!*

It firmly holds our souls enfettered
Unto its weird and silent band,
Until, at length, we have succeeded
To our eternal *Fatherland.*

To My Darling

DEAR NATIVE LAND, GOOD-BYE.

(DISSELHOFF.)

Good-bye, thou my dear native land,
Dear native land, good-bye!
I now shall sail to foreign strand,
Dear native land, good-bye!
And so with cheerful heart I sing,
Like people sing, when wandering;
Dear native land, good-bye!

I see thy blue dome's smiling glee,
Dear native land, good-bye!
Thy greetings kind on field and lea;
Dear native land, good-bye!
God knows to thee my heart doth fly,
To foreign land I yet must hie.
Dear native land, good-bye!

Thou go'st with me, my river dear,
Dear native land, good-bye!
Thou'rt sad, that I must part from here,
Dear native land, good-bye!
From mossy stone at woody vale,
I for the last time bid thee hail.
My native land, good-bye.

To My Darling

FAREWELL SONG.

(KERNER.)

O pledge me the cup with the sparkling sweet
wine!

Farewell, I must part now, ye beloved ones
mine;

Farewell now, ye mountains, my fatherly
home,

Through far foreign countries my heart
longs to roam.

The sun will not long on the heaven remain,
He wanders o'er land and the billowy main;
The waves do not cleave to their native white
strand,

The storms, they are rushing with force
through the land.

The birds fly along with the hurrying cloud
And sing in the distance their carols aloud;
The wanderer roams through the countries
with mirth

To follow his mother, the wandering earth.

To My Darling

The birds then will greet him o'er ocean's
white foam,
They came from the fields of his dear native
home;
The odorous flowers him lovingly hail
As wafted from shore by the frolicsome
gale.

Ah! well know the birds his paternal old
place,
The flowers he planted his dear one to grace;
And love, too, will follow, with gentle, mild
hand,
To home she will change the far-off foreign
land!

To My Darling

BEWARE OF THE RHINE.

(SIMROCK.)

To the Rhine, to the Rhine, go not to the
Rhine,

My son, I counsel thee well.

Life passes there in too sunny a shine,
Strange feelings thy bosom will swell.

There the maiden: are frank and the men
are so free,

Like people of royal descent;

Thy soul all at once to the people will flee,
Thou hailst it with perfect content.

And the castles will greet when thou pass't
in thy flight,

And the place with the beautiful dome.

In the mountains thou'lt climb on the giddy
height,

And view the silvery foam.

In the stream there the mermaid will greet
thee amain,

And when thou her smiles didst behold,

To My Darling

And heardst Lurly sing her bewitching sweet
strain,

My son, then the charm is unfold.

So enchanting the strain, so bewitching the
shine,

When Rapture holds thee in her arms;
Forever thou'lt sing of the Rhine, of the
Rhine!

And home thou'lt forget o'er Rhine's
charms.

To My Darling

MOTHER AND CHILD.

(STURM.)

“O mother, why glisten so golden and clear
The dark-brown eyes of sister dear?
The golden balls glisten not half so bright
On the Christmas-tree in the holy night!”

“That sister’s eyes glisten with golden sheen,
Is caused by love, my child, I ween.
Love dwells in her eyes, and its friendly
beam
Gives to eyes of sister their golden gleam.”

“I love you, dear mother, O quickly spy,
If there’s a bright beam in my eye!”

“They glisten like gold!” “And mother dear,
Your eyes are like sunshine, so golden and
clear.”

To My Darling

RECOGNITION.

(VOGL.)

A wanderer with a staff in his hand
Comes home again from a foreign land;
His hair is dusty, sunburnt his face;
Who will be the first his features to trace?

He walks through the city's old well-known
gate,
At the toll-bar stands the tollman sedate.
The tollman had been his trustiest friend,
Quite often the goblet their souls did blend.
But see,—friend tollman his features can't
trace,
The sun too deeply has darkened his face!

Then onward passes with a formal greet
The wanderer, and shakes the dust from his
feet.
At a window he sees his loved one dear:
"Thou lovely maiden, my heart gives thee
cheer!"

To My Darling

But see,—ne'er the maid his features can
trace,
Too deeply the sun has darkened his face.

Now onward along the street he then strolls,
While over his brown cheek a tear-drop
rolls.

There steps his mother through the church-
yard-door,
"God greets thee!"—he murmurs and noth-
ing more.

But see,—the mother sobs aloud for joy,
"My son!"—and drops in the arms of her
boy.

How deeply the sun has darkened his face,
The mother at once his features could trace!

To My Darling

HOW A MOTHER IS PRAYING FOR HER CHILD.

(STOLLE.)

The purest tone that through the world
 resounds,
The purest beam that passes heaven's
 bounds,
The holiest of flowers now abloom,
The holiest of flames that lighten gloom,
You only will find them where meek and mild
A mother sends up prayers for her child!

Ah! many tears on this dark earth are shed,
Before the golden sun of life has fled;
And many angels wander here below
Commanded to number our eye-drops' flow;
Yet purest tears still flow, where meek and
 mild
A mother sends up prayers for her child!

O see the cottage yonder still and low,
And only lit by a dim candle's glow,
So cheerless and forlorn it doth appear,
And yet it is a place where God is near;

To My Darling

For in this lowly cot, so meek and mild
A mother sends up prayers for her child!

O boldly call it an illusion sweet,
Because God's messengers our eyes ne'er
greet;

But firmly I believe the message true,
Although it came from land beyond our
view:

His angels we will find, where meek and
mild

A mother sends up prayers for her child!

To My Darling

GRANDMOTHER AND GRAND-CHILD.

(CHAMISSO.)

Days, now distant, haunt me,
Visit me like dreams.
Daughter of my daughter,
Gladness from thee gleams.
Now, before the weary
Seeks the silent shore,
On thy fresh young beauty
I my blessing pour.

I am weak and waning,
Crowned with winter's snow,
Was like thou so blithesome,
Cheeks were all aglow.
Loved, as thou now lovest,
Was a blushing bride,
Thou, too, wilt grow hoary,
Lose thy youthful pride.

Bosom well thy feelings,
Hide them safe from sight;

To My Darling

Time will waste affection
On its winged flight.
Once I gave thee counsel,
Did not speak amiss,
Bliss we find in loving,
Love alone is bliss.

When my love departed,
In his grave was laid,
Truly did I cherish
Love's affections staid.
Though my heart was breaking,
Courage I maintained,
'Mid the snow of winter
Love's pure flames sustained.

Now, before the weary
Seeks the silent shore,
On thy fresh young beauty
I my blessing pour:
Is thy heart near breaking,
Courage thou maintain;
Love's affections linger,
Mitigate thy pain.

To My Darling

FIT COMPANIONS.

(GOETHE.)

A little flower
Of lovely array
In early Spring-time
A meadow made gay.

Unto its bosom
A bee did flit,
Oh surely, they must be
Two companions fit.

FAIR-ROHTRAUT.

(MOERIKE.)

O name me king Ringang's daughter fair!
Rohtraut, Fair-Rohtraut!

She is not sewing and spinning, pray,
What is she doing the livelong day?

She fishes and chases.

I wish I were her huntsman bold,
Fishing and chasing give joy untold.

—Impatient heart, be still!

After a while it comes to pass,

Rohtraut, Fair-Rohtraut.

At Ringang's court the youth abides

In hunter's dress a horse he strides

To hunt with Fair-Rohtraut.

O that I were of royal name!

Rohtraut, Fair-Rohtraut my heart doth
claim.

—Impatient heart, be still!

They rest now under an oaktree's shade,

Then smiles Fair-Rohtraut:

Why viewest thou me so lovingly?

To My Darling

Be bold, and kiss me heartily!
Ah, the youth feels frightened!
But then he thinks, 'tis granted me,
And kisses Fair-Rohtraut with great glee.
—Impatient heart, be still!

Ah, silently they then rode home,
Rohtraut, Fair-Rohtraut!
The youth exults in his heart's glee;
Shouldst thou to-day an empress be,
I would not be mourning.
Ye thousand leaves of the forest know:
I kissed Fair-Rohtraut's lips aglow!
—Impatient heart, be still!

To My Darling

SONG.

(HEINE.)

Once an image sweet and lovely,
Filled my life with splendor bright;
But the lovely image vanished
And left me to dreary night.

When the children are in darkness,
Evil phantoms on them throng,
And to free their minds from anguish,
They will sing a joyous song.

Now, like children, I am singing
In the night so dark and drear,
Though the tunes are not amusing,
Still they freed my heart from fear.

SIGHING FOR SPRING.

(PLATEN.)

The heaven is so clear and blue,
O, that the earth were green!
Cold blasts the winter's chill renew;
How shimmers the snow! O were it dew!
O, that the earth were green!

BIRDIE'S QUESTION.

(HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.)

"Art thou here? Art thou here?"
Yes, yes, my birdie dear!
Fair spring is now here;
Vanished at last have ice and snow,
The sea reflects the sun's bright glow;
The fields are green,
Snow-drops are seen.
Yes, yes, my birdie dear!
Fair spring is now here.

"Art thou here? Art thou here?"
Yes, yes, my birdie dear!
Fair spring is now here.
On her behest now build thy nest—
With leaves the woods will soon be blest,
Spring will adorn
With bloom the thorn.
Yes, yes, my birdie dear!
Fair spring is now here.

To My Darling

PRAISE OF SPRING.

(UHLAND.)

Fields of green, violets fair,
Sky-lark's warbling, blackbird's lay,
Sun and rain and balmy air!

When such words of joy I sing,
Is there need of greater thing,
To extol thee, vernal day?

NEW-BORN SPRING.

(BODENSTEDT.)

When the new-born spring the mount ascends
And the snow melts under sun's warm cheer,
When the tender bud its cover rends,
And the first young leaves on trees appear—

 When have given way
 To the sunny ray
Winter's anguish and the misty spray,
 Then from hill to dell
 Tuneful carols ring;
 O, how genial
 Is the new-born spring!

When the glaciers yield to sun's hot rays,
And from mountains high fresh fountains
 bound

When the first young birds the meadows
 grace,

And the woods with joyous songs resound—
 Zephyrs soft and sweet
 The green meadows greet,
And the heavens smile with joy replete;

To My Darling

Then from hill to dell
Tuneful carols ring;
O, how genial
Is the new-born spring.

Was it not in new-born spring-time mild,
When my heart thy heart by love restrained,
And from thee, thou wondrous lovely child,
I the first long kiss of love obtained?
Through the woods around
Joyous songs did sound,
From the mountains high did fountains
bound—
And from hill to dell
Did the carols ring:
O, how genial
Is the new-born spring.

MAYBELLS AND THE FLOWERS.

(HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.)

The Maybells in the sunny vale
Are chiming loud and clear:
O come and dance, we bid you hail,
O come, ye flowers dear!

The flowers red and white and blue,
They come, who could decline?
Forget-me-not and Meadow-rue,
Speedwell and Columbine.

The Maybells play a merry tune,
And then all join in dance;
Her silver beam sends down the moon
With a propitious glance.

Quite grieved at this felt Mr. Rime,
He went into the vale,
He stopped the Maybell's merry chime,
The flowers left the dale.

But broken soon was Rime's ill spell,
Then with their merry chime

To My Darling

The Maybells fill again the dell,
Proclaim the festive time.

At home I can no longer stay,
I hear the Maybells call;
The flowers move in dances gay,
I go to join the ball.

To My Darling

MAY-SONG.

(GOETHE.)

How gleam with splendor
The sun and lea,
Nature is smiling
Where'er I see!

Teeming with blossoms
Is ev'ry spray,
With thousand voices
The copse is gay!

And filled each bosom
With joy and mirth.
O bliss! O rapture!
O sun! O earth!

O love supernal,
So golden bright,
Like clouds at morning
On yonder height!

With bliss thou fillest
The virgin field,

To My Darling

Now plains and meadows
Their treasures yield.

O maiden, maiden,
How I love thee!
How thy eyes glisten!
How thou lov'st me!

So love the sky-larks
Sweet tunes and air,
And morning-flowers
The sun's first glare.

As I adore thee
With warm desire,
Who gives me gladness
And youth and fire.

For merry dances,
New songs of glee!
Be ever happy!
How thou lov'st me!

To My Darling

THE HAZE.

(LENAU.)

Thou misty haze, why hide from sight
The valley and the stream,
The mountain with its greenwood bright,
And ev'ry sunny beam.

But while thou hid'st in thy domain
The earth's glad hill and stream,
Conceal as well what gives me pain,
And ev'ry youthful dream.

THE OAKWOOD.

(LENAU.)

Into a gloomy oakwood's bowers
I stepped, and there heard soft and mild
A brooklet's voice among the flowers,
Like prayers of a little child.

And I was seized with solemn feeling
The oaks did mystically sigh,
As if they were glad news revealing
Which yet my heart should not descry.

As if they would unfold a story
Of God's great love and potent will;
But filled with awe of Heaven's glory,
Now suddenly their voice grew still.

To My Darling

BREVITIES.

WORK AND PLAY.

There's time for work and time for play,
There's time to be happy and gay.
Stick to your work and conquer things,
For life is short and time has wings.

To My Darling

A TELEGRAM.

(TO A WEDDING.)

Where'er your feet may chance to roam,
Sweet love shall ever bless your home.
Where'er you dwell there purest joy
Shall cling to you without alloy.

To My Darling

LOVE.

(STORM.)

Ah, love is like a cradle-song,
It lulls us with its tone,
We fall asleep, then stops the song,
And we awake alone.

DETERMINATION.

(HALM.)

I will!—This word is mighty,
If one speaks firm and still.
It tears the stars from heaven,
This single word:—I will!

To My Darling

FROM LOGAU.

1. Eyes, Ears, And Mouth.
Eyes and ears, these are the windows
And the mouth the portal small;
If these op'nings be well guarded,
Nothing shall pollute the hall!
2. The Best Medicine.
Temperance, joy and sweet repose,
At the doctor the door will close.
3. Enemies.
Hatred, or love, or fear, or gain, surely
we must often blame,
When we walk not in virtue's paths and
often purchase shame!
4. Lending Money.
He who has great wealth to lend,
Will quite often lose a friend;
For his friends will him forsake,
If he back the money take.
5. Miser and Pig.
A miser and a pig well fed
Are useful first when they are dead.

FROM RUECKERT.

1. Industry.

Should sometimes at one's portal hunger
show his face,
Then industry at once will chase him from
the place.

2. Carelessness.

A century it took to form the sturdy oaks,
In one short hour we fell these trees by
little strokes.

3. Bad Books.

Bad Books are those that no true pleasure
bring,
Though something they contain to which
we cling.

4. Praise.

Should you lack courage to traduce the
brave,
Then overload with praise the crafty
knave.

To My Darling

5. Censure.

Censure always causes pain, but pungent
is the woe,

When one to himself must say: you well
deserve the blow.

6. The Rich and the Poor.

The wealthy find a home wherever they
may roam;

The poor are alienates within their native
home.

[(THE END.)]

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